

FIRE LOOKOUT ON A MOUNTAIN 10,000 FEET HIGH.

DENVER, July 13. UPON the summit of Devil's Head, a rocky peak that rises 10,000 feet above sea level in the Pike National Forest, Colorado, the United States forestry officials have established a fire station.

A telephone line has been built to the very summit of the peak. In the pine trees at the base of the huge rocks that crown the mountain a camp has been established for the guard who will be on duty every day until next winter's snows remove all danger of forest fires. A small cabin has been built on the summit of the mountain to house the telephone and to afford shelter for the guard in case of a storm.

On the topmost rock, with a sheer fall of a thousand feet on three sides, a table has been bolted to the solid granite. This table contains a map of Pike Forest, divided into districts. By means of a triangulating instrument the lookout can instantly locate any smoke that he discerns and can telephone the exact point of the fire to headquarters.

After the location of a fire has been telephoned to headquarters the rangers and guards in the threatened district are notified. If the fire proves beyond their control additional help is rushed to the scene. The chief advantage of the station is that it enables officials to locate fires in their incipency. Owing to his elevated location the lookout is enabled to detect fires in many instances before people in the immediate neighborhood know any danger is threatened.

Devil's Head was selected by the Pike Forest officials for the location of the lookout station because it commands a view of fully three-fourths of the national forest. More than a million acres of valuable pine forests are under the eye of the lookout.

To the south is Pike's Peak and to the north is Mount Evans, two of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountain range. Westward is the main barrier of the Rockies, covered with snow even in mid-summer. Even without the aid of binoculars one can see from the Wyoming line on the north to the New Mexico country on the south, but the lookout is concerned only with that part of his circle of vision which is included in the Pike Forest.

"Devil's Head is neither too high nor too low for effective lookout purposes," said C. W. Fitzgerald, supervisor of the Pike National Forest. "It would not do to have a lookout station on the top of a peak like Pike's or Mount Evans, which are over 14,000 feet high."

"Clouds form so readily about those high peaks that the lookout would be enveloped in vapor a large part of the time and would be unable to distinguish anything in the country below him. Devil's Head is about right for a lookout station."

"It is not quite at timber line, but its top is barren, affording an unobstructed view on all sides, and it is about in the center of the forest."

Both Supervisor Fitzgerald and District Forester Smith Riley are enthusiastic over the establishment of this lookout station and believe it will be the means of saving the Government many thousands of dollars each summer. Many fires have



FIRE LOOKOUT ON THE SUMMIT

sweep Pike National Forest, though the fire losses have been decreased in recent years owing to the vigilance of forestry officials.

The last fire of importance broke out two or three years ago on Mount Evans and burned a large area of timber land. The efforts of the entire forest staff were required to extinguish this fire. Another fire broke out recently near Colorado Springs and destroyed many acres of pine timber, though most of the destruction was off the national forest.

Had there been a lookout on Devil's Head it is believed that both fires would have been extinguished in their incipency. As it was they had been burning many hours before they were discovered and had secured headway which made it difficult to fight them successfully. Fires that are off the national forest are reported by the Devil's Head lookout and this way protection will be given to private land owners and the State as well as to the Government.

The telephone line to the fire lookout station was built from Palmer Lake, twenty-five miles distant, most of the line running through a dense pine forest. The line serves as a fire guard as well as a telephone connection, for it is in the center of a line twenty-five feet wide and follows the general contour of a ridge to the base of Devil's Head peak. If a fire swept up to this ridge it would be checked by the telephone line. The value of these lines is recognized on all national forests and they are being very generally constructed.

The problem of constructing a trail up Devil's Head peak was not inconsiderable in itself. The mountain is very steep, but a zigzag trail was built at considerable expense, enabling one to travel most of the way to the summit on horseback.

Just before reaching the permanent camp of the lookout one comes to a spring, which furnishes the fire guard with water. A little way further on the camp is located. A few yards from the lookout's tent is the first ladder, leading up to the barren summit of the peak.

The first ladder has been constructed from a giant Engelmann spruce, which

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Forestry Service Has Established a Watchman on Summit of Devil's Head in Colorado—His Function to Spy Forest Fires as Soon as They Start and Thus Prevent Serious Loss

was so felled that it lay naturally in the position required. Two shorter ladders were hoisted to the rocks by means of a tram device. Timber for the construction of the cabin was sent aloft on this tram. The actual construction of the lookout station was in charge of H. E. Smeltzer, forest ranger in charge of the district.

Owing to the exposed position the barren peak of Devil's Head is a target for all the winds that sweep over the forest. Sometimes the lookout is in danger of being blown from the ladders as he climbs back and forth. The table on the extreme summit is bolted to the granite to keep it from being blown into the depths below, and the cabin which houses the telephone is similarly fastened to the rock.

The life of the lookout at this fire station is necessarily lonely. The camping place in the shadow of the rock is pleasant, however, and the life has its compensations.

When severe storms rage the peak is the target for lightning bolts. All supplies have to be brought in by pack horses and the lookout seldom sees a human countenance other than his once or twice a month when the district ranger brings supplies.

The success of the forest fire lookout has been pretty well established on the Harney National Forest in the Black Hills, where a similar station, though at

considerably lower altitude, has proved practical. In the denser atmosphere of the northwest, however, the forest service depends chiefly upon the fire patrol system. The Rocky Mountain country with its dry air and high winds is better adapted to the lookout system and it is likely that stations similar to the one on Devil's Head will be generally established and that an annual saving of millions of dollars in forest fire losses will be effected.

AS THE CLOAK MODEL TOLD IT

When I was 22 I was thrown upon my own resources, for my mother, who made a living during a long widowhood by keeping boarders, died very suddenly. After I had recovered from the shock I looked about and found myself equipped for my struggle for a living with nothing but a lot of worn-out furniture.

My mother and I had both worked hard—I remember washing dishes when I had to stand on a box to reach the kitchen sink. We had servants when we could get them, but at times we had to do the work ourselves and there was always the rent to pay.

So, although I had lived a busy life and had left school at 15, I had nothing whatever to show for my years of work except a body made strong by plenty of exercise and a manner professionally pleasant. I do not mean that I was gushing, but I had learned to be agreeable under all circumstances and to take an interest in other people's wants.

I sold the furniture and the good will of the house to a successor, but I got very little for them and after all expenses were paid I found myself with scarcely \$100 in the world.

An opportune letter from a cousin decided me to look for employment, not in a little town where there seemed nothing to do except to clerk in a store but in the city. Surely the busy city would have work for me.

I had spent nearly a third of my little capital on a well fitting black suit, for I felt that a good appearance was very important, since I had nothing else to recommend me. I was not unusual looking in any way, but I had a good figure. Sweeping and carrying trays had developed my muscles and made my back straight. And then, of course, there was that "pleasant manner" which I suppose I had inherited from my Southern mother and which the boarders used to praise.

But it was the thought of that perfectly good suit and the money melting away week by week that determined me

finger nails and how to wear my corsets and where to buy them. She insisted upon attractive shoes and a daily bath.

She even showed me how to wear my hair in a more stylish way and she made me a head chain which brought out the blue of my eyes and the whiteness of my neck, for the slip was slightly low. The new slips which the house was having made for me were to be blue for the same reason.

"You got to be a looker in this business, girl," she assured me. "But you ain't a woman; you're just a clothes horse. You want to remember that if any of these buyers get fresh with you. There's some of them that can't seem to keep their hands off a suit when the model's got it on."

I shall never forget my first experience in "trying." The buyer was a little Jew with only one eye and the gown our number 252. It was a flimsy satin affair, but it made a good appearance. And it was intended for the class of trade to which appearance is everything and material nothing.

I walked up and down or stood still at command while the buyer and the proprietor looked at the gown. There was very little talking, much less than I had expected. But this was an old customer perfectly able to judge the goods and the price. He knew the material was flimsy, but he also knew that his customers would not care.

"I feel all right," he asked me once. "Fine," I assured him.

After a little haggling over the price the order, a good one, was taken. I found about a dozen girls in the dressing room with me at five-thirty when we got ready to go home. They were of very different nationalities—three Germans, two Swedes and one Austrian, and the rest of us Americans, Canadian and Irish. They were of widely differing social classes too, as was bound to be the case when the only requirement was a good figure and a stylish walk.

I think it was rather what is called presence or manner that counted, just as it does on the stage. At any rate these girls all had it—they were able to speak up when spoken to, and they really wore the gowns they put on.

Some of them were young—not more than 15, and these little "juniors" got only from \$5 to \$10 a week according to their length of service. The others were "thirty-fours" and the "thirty-sixes," who were all tall, about 5 feet 7½ inches. The thirty-fours were perhaps three inches shorter.

The fact that we were all of us of the tall Northern races was striking, and it is a rule among garment makers. The Southern races, especially the Italian and Jewish girls, who are most identified with the garment making, are too short and often too overdeveloped for models. Thus, while the buyers were capable of making the difference between a good and a bad machine, the girls who sat at the models were largely from the British Isles, Germany and Sweden.

I noticed that the girls who spoke good English got the largest salaries, and I fixed my mind on helping out the proprietor whenever I could. The work was not especially tiring, for we could sit down whenever there were no customers.

The proprietor himself I found considerate. Of course business came first, and he did not hesitate to keep me on my feet for hours if necessary, but he treated me distinctly as an assistant and not as a servant. I tried to be strictly business-like, though pleasant, and though I met an occasional "fresh" buyer, I never had any serious difficulties with them.

I knew that the proprietor gave the preference to the girls who were dignified and that he strictly discouraged the making of "dates" with the buyers. He never objected to the somewhat familiar language that the buyers used toward us, though they almost invariably called us "dear" or "sweetheart," but he seemed to expect us to take it as he did, as all in the day's work.

The work itself was trying at times. We had to try on winter suits in mid-summer and summer dresses at Christmas time, though that was not so bad.

After I had been in this place for some time I secured another as a costume model in a small shop in the fashionable shopping district. This was more agreeable in that the buyers were women, though they were often hard to suit and inconsiderate. I received \$20 a week, selling goods when there was no call for my services as a model.

One day there came to this shop a very elegantly dressed woman, who spoke to me just as she was leaving, asking me to come to a certain nearby address when I was from. I found the woman the proprietor of the shop. She had been suddenly thrown upon her own resources and had made a great success in importing a new line of goods. I found that she offered me the position of model and saleswoman at a hundred dollars a month. I accepted it at once, for I had taken a fancy to her.

I stayed with her a year, and then at her suggestion I began to study books, keeping at night school in order to take charge of her books. I found that I had a natural aptitude for figures and the work came easily to me. I am still with Mrs. B. after three years and have no intention of leaving her. I still try on the gowns whenever my services are required and in the summer, when Mrs. B. is in Europe, I have entire charge of the shop. In the busier seasons we employ a saleswoman, though Mrs. B. herself attends to much of the selling.

Her patrons are women of refinement and social position as well as wealth, and it is one of her ideas to have only gentle women to serve them. She never permits the slightest rudeness toward us. Since we deal entirely with women there are no social difficulties, for our present buyers never ask me out to lunch with them.

I am now earning \$150 a month, which is a good salary for a woman not better prepared than I, though it is not an exceptional salary for an experienced and competent model.

And I suppose I am still a model, though I hardly think of myself as one now. For me, as for most of the ambitious girls who go into it, being a model was simply a stepping stone to something more agreeable. I know one girl who has earned her money for vocal lessons by serving as a cloak model. She is to appear in a grand opera this season.

But the girl who has the pleasant qualifications to be a model will find that she is always sure of well paid work. And while she is earning her \$20 a week she may be fitting herself for something more agreeable or which offers better opportunities for advancement.

LADDERS TO THE LOOKOUT

Allan, the Duchess of Marlborough chats with Sir Herbert Tree, John Burns and the Duchess of Sutherland take tea together, and Mrs. Asquith is anywhere and everywhere, talking politics, the latest novel, the new comedy or anything else, for she is a perfect hostess, and her wide interests and unfailing vivacity make each guest feel quite at home and help her parties to be the most successful.

The Board of Trade entertains members and their families to an outdoor tea, and the Speaker of the House gives a yearly reception on the Terrace. The Duchess of Devonshire's garden is famous. Back of Devonshire House, which is on busy Piccadilly, are beautiful grounds, and so far removed from noise and bustle do they seem that it is difficult to realize one is within London when within their precincts.

The Duchess always gives at least one large party in her garden each year. This season she is having two. One which took place recently was for children, and she is to have another later, this time for her own friends. The children's fête was a great success. A very pretty feature was the dancing of a number of little girls in quaint old English costumes.

Two orchestras were stationed in different parts of the grounds, and tea was served in tents gay with crimson ramblers roses. And beyond the walls which hedged in all these delights the Piccadilly traffic rolled by or congested and blocked itself till a sturdy policeman arrived to settle difficulties.

One of the prettiest garden parties so far this season was the one given by Mrs. Anna Pavlova. She has taken a house at Golders Green, out Hampstead way, and has a beautiful garden where she entertains the many friends she has made in London. She danced for her guests, looking a veritable dryad as she stepped seemingly from the trunk of a great tree and pirouetted on the velvety greensward.

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nymphs, and a group of youths and maidens in white wigs and quaint flowered satins executed pavanes, gaillards and minuets.

Stafford House, where the Duchess of Sutherland lives, has a fine garden, so has Seaford House, which belongs to Lord Howard de Walden. Lord de Walden has never entertained very much, however, so but few of his friends have seen it. It is expected, though, that before the season is over Lady de Walden may send out invitations for a reception to be held in the grounds of Seaford House.

Miss Violet Hunt (Mrs. Lord Maddox Hueffer) gets all the literary world at the annual party she gives in her garden, and the theatrical world frolics one whole afternoon among the flowers and shrubs in the botanical gardens, Regent's Park.

Next month Lady Northcliffe will throw open the grounds of Sutton Court near Guildford. Lady Taplow will entertain at Taplow, which is on the river. The Duchess of Northumberland and the Countess of Jersey have issued invitations for outdoor fêtes. Mrs. Grenfell will give one at Roehampton, the Countess of Amherst at Knole Park, Kent, and Lady Sackville at Knole Park, which is one of the finest places in England.

DISPOSSESSED

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An old man boarded the train at the Fourteenth street station and clung to a strap in front of a young woman who was seated. As none of the men showed a disposition to let the old man sit down, the young woman arose and offered her seat to him.

Before he could sit down a younger man slid into the vacant seat. The young woman was confused, but only for a minute. She leaned down slightly and said to the man in the seat:

"You dropped an envelope on the platform, sir."

The man jumped up and bowed his way to the platform. Half a minute's search failed to reveal the supposed envelope. The man returned to where the young woman was standing and said:

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The young man understood and faded from view. The old man got to the seat, while the people in the vicinity looked, listened and laughed.

GAY GARDEN PARTIES IN LONDON

LONDON, July 5.—The beautiful weather of last summer revived the instinct for al fresco entertainments, which has been dormant in English society for some time, and this season more garden parties have been planned than for many years.

Of course, there are a few outdoor fêtes which have always been recognized functions of the season. Even if a cold summer was in progress thinly clad women and ultra smart men went to these and braved influenza and rheumatism by drinking their tea out under the trees, shivering in the wind or dodging raindrops. Many hostesses, however, gave up their garden parties for some time out of consideration for the health and

and Queen of course. This used to be held out at Windsor, but now it is in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. It is a very large affair, for all the members of Parliament and their wives are invited (unless, of course, a member is too socialistic and behaves too badly, as Keir Hardie is supposed to have done). Various important city magnates are bidden and a sprinkling of the most shining lights of art, literature and the stage. The royal garden party is not really a smart court function, but it is very interesting.

The grounds around the palace are beautiful. There are broad terraces, shady walks, fine stretches of velvety grass and beds and borders of gay flowers. Bands of music are ensconced among the

bushes and the guests stroll about chatting with each other and sometimes with the royal host and hostess.

Next to the royal garden party in importance comes the Prime Minister's al fresco entertainment. The Ministerial residence in Downing street is one of those London surprise houses, dark, gray and dingy in the front and facing similar buildings, while in a back it looks out on a generous space with trees and flowers.

Here again members and their wives are chief guests, but the society element prevails somewhat also, and because Mrs. Asquith is inclined toward bohemianism an number of actors, artists, etc., are invited as well.

Mr. Balfour finds himself next to Maud



SCENE AT THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S GARDEN PARTY.

comfort of their friends, but last summer they took heart again, and since this year has promised nearly as much sunshine and warmth they have brought their gardens into requisition once more.

Garden fêtes in the heart of crowded London! Such a thing seems absurd. But the Lloyd George taxes haven't interfered as much, with land privileges as might be supposed, for behind the high walls surrounding some of the dreary, gray black houses on principal thoroughfares there still are charming grounds with trees where birds nest, with rare and beautiful flowers, fountains and miniature lakes. And it is in these places that society disports itself these summer afternoons, pretending to be in the heart of the country, yet really within a stone's throw of motor buses and underground railways.

The most important garden party of the season is the one given by the King

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TELEPHONE STATION AT FOOT OF DEVIL'S HEAD

to apply for work as a cloak model. I had a rural distrust of the word, but I was not especially young, and I decided that I could undertake to look out for myself with a prospect of earning \$20 a week instead of the five or six that had been offered me, or rather that I had been struggling for.

So I cut out several advertisements from the paper one morning and sallied forth. I was used to climbing stairs by this time—for the elevator is never running in the building where they need "An office assistant—Experience unnecessary."

In the first place I visited I met with the usual reception.

I opened the door of a small office and saw a fat man smoking a big cigar.

"Good morning," I said with my professional smile. He merely stared at me. "I saw your ad in the paper, and I came to see if I would do."

His eyes roved over the black suit appraisingly.

"Maybe," he admitted, "but not for me. I got her an hour ago."